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the 1990s, the number of people with a mental health problem has increased by 50% (Mental Health Foundation 1999). The prevalence of mental health problems has increased in the general population, and the incidence of mental health problems has increased in the prison population (Mental Health Foundation 1999).

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the mental health needs of prisoners. The Department of Health (1999) has published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners. The Department of Health (1999) has also published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners. The Department of Health (1999) has also published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners.

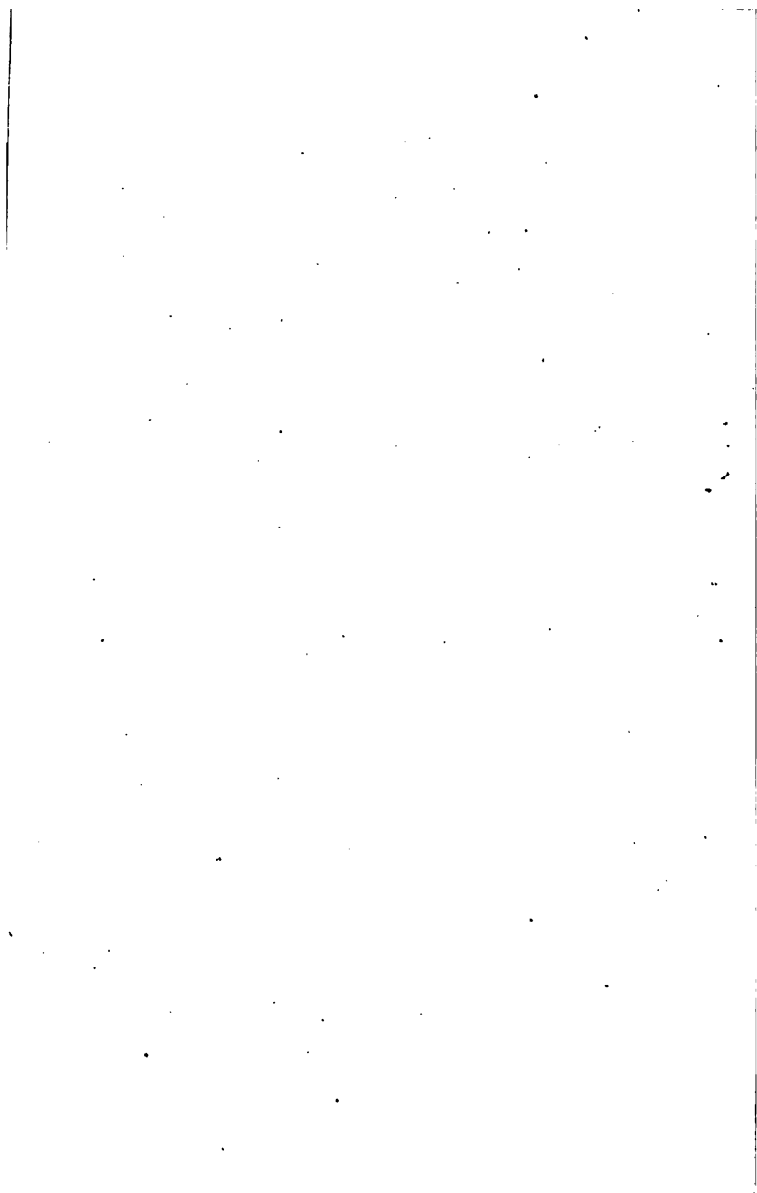
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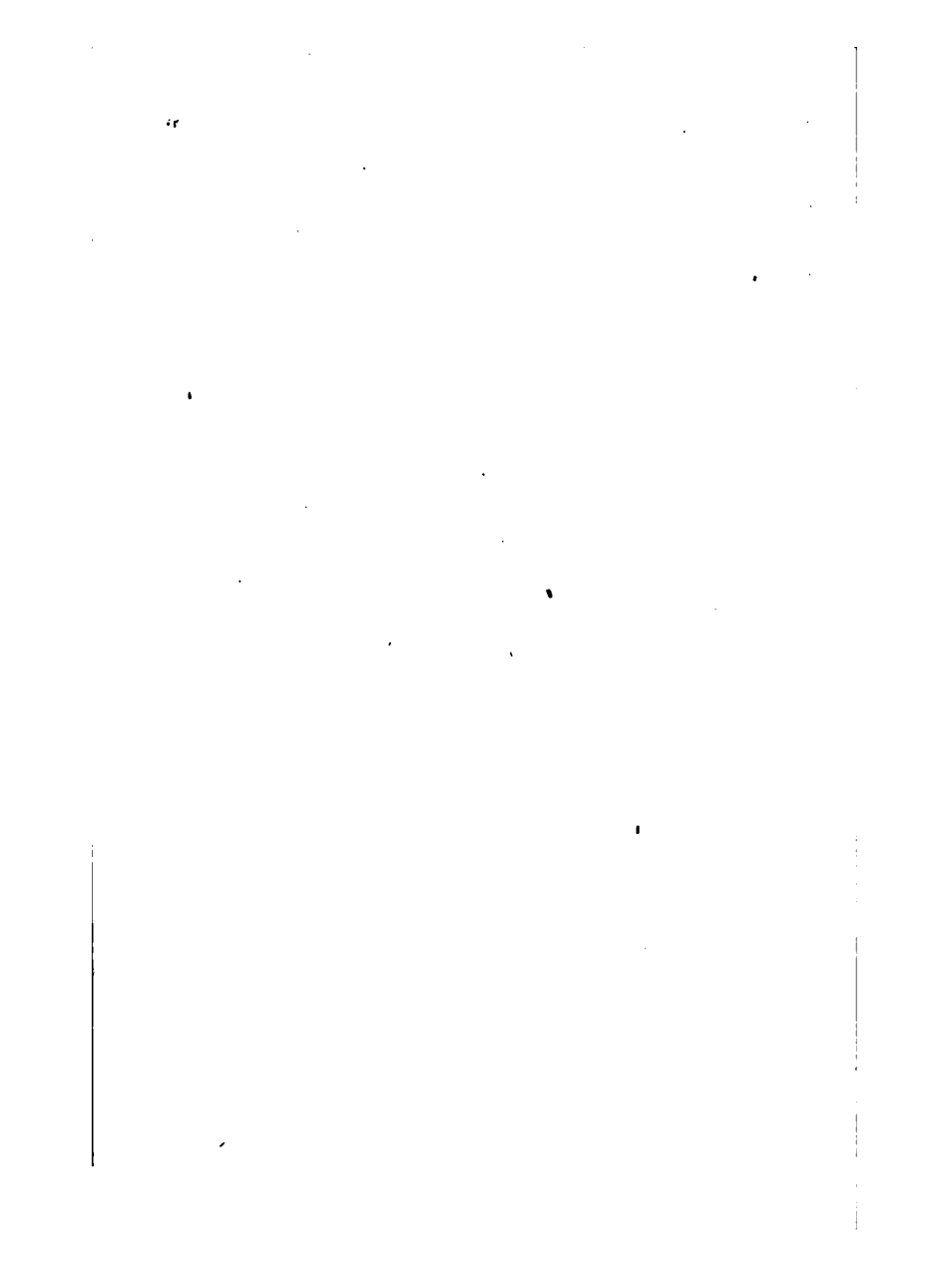
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THE
BALLADS AND SONGS
OF
ROBERT BURNS.







Rob^t Burns



THE
Ballads and Songs
OF
ROBERT BURNS

WITH A LECTURE
ON HIS CHARACTER AND GENIUS
BY
THOMAS CARLYLE

"A Poet peasant-born,
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings
Than all her kings!"

ISA CRAIG.

LONDON
CHARLES GRIFFIN AND COMPANY
STATIONERS' HALL COURT

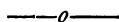
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280. h. 62.

Bell & Bain, Printers, Glasgow.



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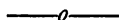
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LECTURE
ON THE
CHARACTER AND GENIUS OF BURNS.
BY
THOMAS CARLYLE.*

It was a curious phenomenon, in the withered, unbelieving, second-hand Eighteenth Century, that of a Hero, starting up, among the artificial paste-board figures and productions, in the guise of a Robert Burns. Like a little well in the rocky desert places,—like a sudden splendour of Heaven in the artificial Vauxhall! People knew not what to make of it. They took it for a piece of the Vauxhall firework; alas, it *let* itself be so taken, though struggling half-blindly, as in bitterness of death, against that! Perhaps no man had such a false reception from his fellow-men. Once more a

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Lectures on Heroes and Hero-Worship.

very wasteful life-drama was enacted under the sun.

The tragedy of Burns's life is known to all of you. Surely we may say, if discrepancy between place held and place merited constitute perverseness of lot for a man, no lot could be more perverse than Burns's. Among those second-hand acting-figures, *mimes* for most part, of the Eighteenth Century, once more a giant Original Man; one of those men who reach down to the perennial Deep, who take rank with the Heroic among men: and he was born in a poor Ayrshire hut. The largest soul of all the British lands came among us in the shape of a hard-handed Scottish Peasant.—His Father, a poor toiling man, tried various things; did not succeed in any; was involved in continual difficulties. The Steward, Factor as the Scotch call him, used to send letters and threatenings, Burns says, "which threw us all into tears." The brave hard-toiling, hard-suffering Father, his brave heroine of a wife; and those children, of whom Robert was one! In this Earth, so wide otherwise, no shelter for *them*. The letters "threw us all into tears:" figure it. The brave Father, I say always;—a *silent* Hero and Poet; without whom the son had never been a speaking one! Burns's Schoolmaster came afterwards to London, learnt what good society was; but declares that in no meeting of men did he ever enjoy

better discourse than at the hearth of this peasant. And his poor "seven acres of nursery-ground,"—not that, nor the miserable patch of clay-farm, nor anything he tried to get a living by, would prosper with him; he had a sore unequal battle all his days. But he stood to it valiantly; a wise, faithful, unconquerable man;—swallowing down how many sore sufferings daily into silence; fighting like an unseen Hero,—nobody publishing newspaper paragraphs about his nobleness; voting pieces of plate to him! However, he was not lost; nothing is lost. Robert is there; the outcome of him,—and indeed of many generations of such as him.

This Burns appeared under every disadvantage: uninstructed, poor, born only to hard manual toil; and writing, when it came to that, in a rustic special dialect, known only to a small province of the country he lived in. Had he written, even what he did write, in the general language of England, I doubt not he had already become universally recognized as being, or capable to be, one of our greatest men. That he should have tempted so many to penetrate through the rough husk of that dialect of his, is proof that there lay something far from common within it. He has gained a certain recognition, and is continuing to do so over all quarters of our wide Saxon world: where-soever a Saxon dialect is spoken, it begins to be

understood, by personal inspection of this and the other, that one of the most considerable Saxon men of the Eighteenth Century was an Ayrshire Peasant named Robert Burns. Yes, I will say, here too was a piece of the right Saxon stuff: strong as the Harz-rock, rooted in the depths of the world;—rock, yet with wells of living softness in it! A wild impetuous whirlwind of passion and faculty slumbered quiet there; such heavenly *melody* dwelling in the heart of it. A noble rough genuineness; homely, rustic, honest; true simplicity of strength; with its lightning-fire, with its soft dewy pity;—like the old Norse Thor, the Peasant-god!—

Burns's Brother Gilbert, a man of much sense and worth, has told me that Robert, in his young days, in spite of their hardship, was usually the gayest of speech; a fellow of infinite frolic, laughter, sense, and heart; far pleasanter to hear there, stript, cutting peats in the bog, or such like, than he ever afterwards knew him. I can well believe it. This basis of mirth ("*fond gaillard*," as old Marquis Mirabeau calls it), a primal-element of sunshine and joyfulness, coupled with his other deep and earnest qualities, is one of the most attractive characteristics of Burns. A large fund of Hope dwells in him; spite of his tragical history, he is not a mourning man. He shakes his sorrows gallantly aside; bounds forth victorious

over them. It is as the lion shaking "dew-drops from his mane;" as the swift-bounding horse that *laughs* at the shaking of the spear.—But indeed, Hope, Mirth, of the sort like Burns's, are they not the outcome properly of warm generous affection,—such as is the beginning of all to every man?

You would think it strange if I called Burns the most gifted British soul we had in all that century of his: and yet I believe the day is coming when there will be little danger in saying so. His writings, all that he *did* under such obstructions, are only a poor fragment of him. Professor Stewart remarked very justly, what indeed is true of all Poets good for much, that his poetry was not any particular faculty; but the general result of a naturally vigorous original mind expressing itself in that way. Burns's gifts, expressed in conversation, are the theme of all that ever heard him. All kinds of gifts: from the gracefulest utterances of courtesy, to the highest fire of passionate speech; loud floods of mirth, soft wailings of affection, laconic emphasis, clear piercing insight; all was in him. Witty duchesses celebrate him as a man whose speech "led them off their feet." This is beautiful: but still more beautiful that which Mr. Lockhart has recorded, which I have more than once alluded to, How the waiters and ostlers at inns would get out of bed, and come

crowding to hear this man speak! Waiters and ostlers:—they too were men, and here was a man! I have heard much about his speech; but one of the best things I ever heard of it was, last year, from a venerable gentleman long familiar with him. That it was speech distinguished by always *having something in it*. “He spoke rather little than much,” this old man told me; “sat rather silent in those early days, as in the company of persons above him; and always when he did speak, it was to throw new light on the matter.” I know not why any one should ever speak otherwise!—But if we look at his general force of soul, his healthy *robustness* every way, the rugged downrightness, penetration, generous valour, and manfulness that was in him,—where shall we readily find a better-gifted man?

Among the great men of the Eighteenth Century, I sometimes feel as if Burns might be found to resemble Mirabeau more than any other. They differ widely in vesture; yet look at them intrinsically. There is the same burly thick-necked strength of body as of soul;—built, in both cases, on what the old Marquis calls a *fond gaillard*. By nature, by course of breeding, indeed by nation, Mirabeau has much more of bluster; a noisy, forward, unresting man. But the characteristic of Mirabeau too is veracity and sense, power of true *insight*, superiority of vision. The thing that he

says is worth remembering. It is a flash of insight into some object or other: so do both these men speak. The same raging passions; capable too in both of manifesting themselves as the tenderest noble affections. Wit, wild laughter, energy, directness, sincerity: these were in both. The types of the two men are not dissimilar. Burns too could have governed, debated in National Assemblies; politicized, as few could. Alas, the courage which had to exhibit itself in capture of smuggling schooners in the Solway Frith; in keeping *silence* over so much, where no good speech, but only inarticulate rage was possible: this might have bellowed forth Ushers de Brézé and the like; and made itself visible to all men, in managing of kingdoms, in ruling of great ever-memorable epochs! But they said to him reprovingly, his Official Superiors said, and wrote: "You are to work, not think." Of your *thinking*-faculty, the greatest in this land, we have no need; you are to gauge beer there; for that only are *you* wanted. Very notable;—and worth mentioning, though we know what is to be said and answered! As if Thought, Power of Thinking, were not, at all times, in all places and situations of the world, precisely the thing that *was* wanted. The fatal man, is he not always the *unthinking* man, the man who cannot think and *see*; but only grope, and hallucinate, and *missee* the nature of the thing he works with? He missees

it, *mistakes* it as we say; takes it for one thing, and it *is* another thing,—and leaves him standing like a Futility there! He is the fatal man; unutterably fatal, put in the high places of men.—“Why complain of this?” say some: “Strength is mournfully denied its arena; that was true from of old.” Doubtless; and the worse for the *arena*, answer I! *Complaining* profits little; stating of the truth may profit. That a Europe, with its French Revolution just breaking out, finds no need of a Burns except for gauging beer,—is a thing I, for one, cannot *rejoice* at!—

Once more we have to say here that the chief quality of Burns is the *sincerity* of him. So in his Poetry, so in his Life. The Song he sings is not of fantasticalities; it is of a thing felt, really there; the prime merit of this, as of all in him, and of his Life generally, is truth. The Life of Burns is what we may call a great tragic sincerity. A sort of savage sincerity,—not cruel, far from that; but wild, wrestling naked with the truth of things. In that sense, there is something of the savage in all great men.

Hero-worship,—Odin, Burns? Well; these Men of Letters too were not without a kind of Hero-worship: but what a strange condition has that got into now! The waiters and ostlers of Scotch inns, prying about the door, eager to catch any word that fell from Burns, were doing unconscious rever-

ence to the Heroic. Johnson had his Boswell for worshipper. Rousseau had worshippers enough; princes calling on him in his mean garret; the great, the beautiful doing reverence to the poor moonstruck man. For himself a most portentous contradiction; the two ends of his life not to be brought into harmony. He sits at the tables of grandees; and has to copy music for his own living. He cannot even get his music copied: "By dint of dining out," says he, "I run the risk of dying by starvation at home." For his worshippers too a most questionable thing! If doing Hero-worship well or badly be the test of vital wellbeing or illbeing to a generation, can we say that *these* generations are very first-rate?—And yet our heroic Men of Letters do teach, govern, are kings, priests, or what you like to call them; intrinsically there is no preventing it by any means whatever. The world *has* to obey him who thinks and sees in the world. The world can alter the manner of that; can either have it as blessed continuous summer-sunshine, or as unblessed black thunder and tornado,—with unspeakable difference of profit for the world! The manner of it is very alterable; the matter and fact of it is not alterable by any power under the sky. Light; or, failing that, lightning: the world can take its choice. Not whether we call an Odin god, prophet, priest, or what we call him; but whether we believe the

word he tells us: there it all lies. If it be a true word, we shall have to believe it; believing it, we shall have to do it. What *name* or welcome we give him or it, is a point that concerns ourselves mainly. *It*, the new Truth, new deeper revealing of the Secret of this Universe, is verily of the nature of a message from on high; and must and will have itself obeyed.—

My last remark is on that notablest phasis of Burns's history,—his visit to Edinburgh. Often it seems to me as if his demeanour there were the highest proof he gave of what a fund of worth and genuine manhood was in him. If we think of it, few heavier burdens could be laid on the strength of a man. So sudden; all common *Lionism*, which ruins innumerable men, was as nothing to this. It is as if Napoleon had been made a King of, not gradually, but at once from the Artillery Lieutenantancy in the Regiment La Fère. Burns, still only in his twenty-seventh year, is no longer even a ploughman; he is flying to the West Indies to escape disgrace and a Jail. This month he is a ruined peasant, his wages seven pounds a-year, and these gone from him: next month he is in the blaze of rank and beauty, handing down jewelled Duchesses to dinner; the cynosure of all eyes! Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity. I admire much

the way in which Burns met all this. Perhaps no man one could point out, was ever so sorely tried, and so little forgot himself. Tranquil, unastonished; not abashed, not inflated, neither awkwardness nor affectation: he feels that *he* there is the man Robert Burns; that the "rank is but the guinea-stamp;" that the celebrity is but the candle-light, which will show *what* man, not in the least make him a better or other man! Alas, it may readily, unless he look to it, make him a *worse* man; a wretched inflated windbag, —inflated till he *burst*, and become a *dead* lion; for whom, as some one has said, "there is no resurrection of the body;" worse than a living dog!—Burns is admirable here.

And yet, alas, as I have observed elsewhere, these Lion-hunters were the ruin and death of Burns. It was they that rendered it impossible for him to live! They gathered round him in his Farm; hindered his industry; no place was remote enough from them. He could not get his Lionism forgotten, honestly as he was disposed to do so. He falls into discontents, into miseries, faults; the world getting ever more desolate for him; health, character, peace of mind, all gone; —solitary enough now. It is tragical to think of! These men came but to *see* him; it was out of no sympathy with him, nor no hatred to him.

They came to get a little amusement: they got their amusement;—and the Hero's life went for it!

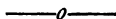
Richter says, in the Island of Sumatra there is a kind of "Lightchafers," large Fire-flies, which people stick upon spits, and illuminate the ways with at night. Persons of condition can thus travel with a pleasant radiance, which they much admire. Great honour to the Fire-flies! But—!—



SONGS AND BALLADS

OF

ROBERT BURNS.



FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

TUNE—"Afton Water."

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

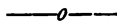
Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the
glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear
wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.



TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

TUNE—"Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff."

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget ;
Can I forget the hallowed grove
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past—
Thy image at our last embrace ;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebb'l'd shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green ;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene ;
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

AE FOND KISS.

TUNE—"Rory Dall's port."

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest;
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

OH WHISTLE AN' I'LL COME TO YOU,
MY LAD.

TUNE—"Whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad."

Oh whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad,
Oh whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father an' mither an' a' should gae mad,
Oh whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back yett be a-je;e;
Syne up the back stile, and let naeboddy see,
An' come as ye were na comin' to me.

An' come, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er you meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye cared nae a flee;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

Yet look, &c.

Aye vow an' protest that ye care na for me,
An' whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.

For fear, &c.

HANDSOME NELL.*

TUNE—"I am a man unmarried."

OH once I lov'd a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still;
An' whilst that honour warms my breast
I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonnie lasses I ha'e seen,
An' mony full as braw;
But for a modest, gracefu' mien,
The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e,
But without some better qualities,
She's no the lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet,
An', what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete,
An' fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel:
An' then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

* This was the Poet's first composition.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart;
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
'Tis this enchants my soul;
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control.



BONNIE LESLEY.

TUNE—"The collier's bonnie lassie.

OH saw ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed owre the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

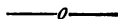
To see her is to love her,
An' love but her for ever;
For nature made her what she is
An' never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The de'il he could na scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee ;
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 An' say, " I canna wrang thee ! "

The powers aboon will tent thee ;
 Misfortune sha' na steer thee ;
 Thou 'rt like themselves sae lovely,
 That ill they 'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie !
 That we may brag, we ha'e a lass
 There 's nane again sae bonnie.

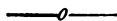


I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING.

[" These two stanzas I composed when I was seventeen: they are among the oldest of my printed pieces. " — *Burns.*]

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing
 Gaily in the sunny beam ;
 List'ning to the wild birds singing,
 By a falling crystal stream :
 Straight the sky grew black and daring ;
 Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave ;
 Trees with aged arms were warring
 O'er the swelling drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasure I enjoy'd;
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming,
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.
Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.



LUCKLESS FORTUNE.

Oh raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!
Oh raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow, O;
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, O.

But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O;
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

* * * * *

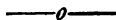
THE MAUCHLINE LADY.

TUNE—"I had a horse, I had nae mair."

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
 My mind it was na steady,
 Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
 A mistress still I had aye.

But when I cam' roun' by Mauchline toun,
 Not dreadin' any body,
 My heart was caught before I thought,
 An' by a Mauchline lady.*

* * * * *



TIBBIE, I HA'E SEEN THE DAY.

TUNE—"Invercauld's reel."

OH Tibbie, I ha'e seen the day
 Ye wad na been sae shy;
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
 But, trowth, I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
 Ye spak na but gaed by like stoure;
 Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
 But fient a hair care I.

* Miss Armour, afterwards the Poet's wife.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye ha'e the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
 Whene'er ye like to try.

But sorrow tak' him that 's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
 That looks sae proud and high.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
 An' answer him fu' dry.

But if he ha'e the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
 Be better than the kye.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice,
Your daddie's gear mak's you sae nice,
The de'il a ane wad spier your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wad na gi'e her in her sark
For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark;
 Ye need na look sae high.

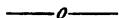
LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE.

TUNE—"The auld man wad be married."

["These words are mine."—Burns in his *Reliques*.]

LOUIS, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean?
Dyvor, beggar loons to me—
I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me :
Kings and nations—swith awa' !
Reif randies, I disown ye !



THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

TUNE—"The deuks dang o'er my daddie."

NÆ gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care :
Their titles a' are empty show ;
Gi'e me my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.



Oh, were yon hills an' valleys mine,
Yon palace an' yon gardens fine !
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
An' I maun cross the raging sea ;
But while my crimson currents flow
I'll love my Highland lassie, O.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth an' honour's band!
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O !
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O !
To other lands I now must go,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

TO THEE, LOV'D NITH.

To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
Where late wi' careless thought I rang'd,
Though prest wi' care and sunk in woe,
To thee I bring a heart unchang'd.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
Tho' mem'ry there my bosom tear;
For there he rov'd that brake my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah ! still how dear !



JOHN BARLEYCORN.*

A BALLAD.

THERE were three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high;
And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn came up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong;
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim ;
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor
To work him further woe ;
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

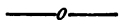
They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones ;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him 'tween two stones.

And they ha'e ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drunk it round and round ;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise ;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy ;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!



THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

TUNE—"Corn rigs are bonnie."

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa' to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.

CHORUS.

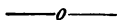
Corn rigs, and barley rigs,
And corn rigs are bonnie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down wi' right good will
Amang the rigs o' barley;
I kent her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley;
But by the moon and stars sae bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

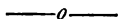
I ha'e been blithe wi' comrades dear;
I ha'e been merry drinkin';
I ha'e been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;
I ha'e been happy thinkin';
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.



HER FLOWING LOCKS.

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,
Adown her neck and bosom hing;
How sweet unto that breast to cling,
An' round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
Oh, what a feast her bonnie mou' !
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner.



MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.*

TUNE—"The weaver and his shuttle, O."

My father was a farmer upon the Carrick border, O,
And carefully he bred me in decency and order, O;
He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er
a farthing, O;
For without an honest manly heart, no man was
worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world my course I did determine, O;
Tho' to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great
was charming, O:
My talents they were not the worst, nor yet my
education, O;
Resolv'd was I at least to try to mend my situation, O.
In many a way, and vain essay, I courted fortune's
favour, O;
Some cause unseen still stept between, to frustrate
each endeavour, O.

* "This song is a wild rhapsody, miserably deficient in versification: but as the sentiments are the genuine feelings of my heart, for that reason I have a particular pleasure in conning it over."—*Burns's Reliques*, p. 329.

Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd ; sometimes
by friends forsaken, O :
And when my hope was at the top I still was worst
mistaken, O.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last with fortune's
vain delusion, O,
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams, and came to
this conclusion, O—
The past was bad, and the future hid ; its good or
ill untried, O ;
But the present hour was in my pow'r, and so I
would enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I, nor person to
befriend me, O ;
So I must toil, and sweat and broil, and labour to
sustain me, O :
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, my father
bred me early, O ;
For one, he said, to labour bred, was a match for
fortune fairly, O.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, thro' life I'm
doom'd to wander, O,
Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting
slumber, O.

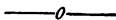
No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed
me pain or sorrow, O !
I live to-day as well 's I may, regardless of to-
morrow, O.

But cheerful still, I am as well as a monarch in a
palace, O,
Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down, with all
her wonted malice, O ;
I make indeed my daily bread, but ne'er can make
it farther, O ;
But, as daily bread is all I need, I do not much
regard her, O.

When sometimes by my labour I earn a little
money, O,
Some unforeseen misfortune comes gen'rally upon
me, O :
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my good-
natur'd folly, O ;
But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be
melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power with unre-
mitting ardour, O,
The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your
view the farther, O :

Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to
adore you, O,
A cheerful, honest-hearted clown I will prefer be-
fore you, O.



BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

TUNE—"Hey, tuttie taittie."

[“The old air, ‘Hey, tuttie taittie,’ with Fraser’s hautboy, has often filled my eyes with tears. There is a tradition, which I have met with in many places of Scotland, that it was Robert Bruce’s march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my solitary wanderings, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant Royal Scot’s address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning.”—*Burns to G. Thomson*, September, 1793.]

Scots, wha ha’e wi’ Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

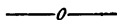
Now’s the day, and now’s the hour;
See the front o’ battle lour;
See approach proud Edward’s power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward’s grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',
Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
By your sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !—
Let us do, or die !



MONTGOMERY'S PEGGY.

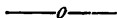
A FRAGMENT.

TUNE—"Galla Water."

ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir
Amang the heather, in my plaidie,
Yet happy, happy would I be,
Had I my dear Montgomery's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
An' winter nights were dark and rainy,
I'd seek some dell, an' in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomery's Peggy.

Were I a baron proud an' high,
An' horse an' servants waiting ready,
Then a' 'twad gi'e o' joy to me,
The sharin' t with Montgomery's Peggy.



FOR A' THAT, AN' A' THAT.

TUNE—"For a' that, an' a' that."

[“The following will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme. . . . I do not give you the song for your book, but merely by way of *vive la bagatelle*; for the piece is not really poetry.”—*Burns to G. Thomson.*]

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, an' a' that ?
The coward slave we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, an' a' that ;
Gi'e fools their silks, an' knaves their wine,
A man 's a man for a' that ;
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that ;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
His riband, star, an' a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith he maunna fa' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

MY NANNIE, O.

TUNE—"My Nannie, O."

["I have often thought that no man can be a proper critic of love composition except he himself, in one or more instances, have been a warm votary of this passion. Whether 'My Nannie, O' will stand the test I will not pretend to say, because it is my own; only I can say it was at the time genuine from the heart."—*Burns's Commonplace Book.*]

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
An' I'll awa' to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blows loud an' shrill:
The night's baith mirk an' rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O:
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

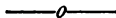
A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;

But what care I how few they be ?
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;
But I'm as blithe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak' what Heav'n will sen' me, O ;
Nae ither care in life ha'e I,
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.



UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

TUNE—"Cold blows the wind."

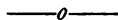
[“The chorus of this song is old; the two stanzas are mine.”—*Burns.*]

CHORUS.

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early ;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.



THE BANKS O' DOON.

FIRST VERSION.

TUNE—"Katharine Ogie."

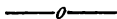
YE flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
An' I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luvè was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, an' sae I sang,
An' wistna o' my fate.

Aft ha'e I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
An' ilka bird sang o' its luv;
An' sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree;
An' my fause luv staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.



SECOND VERSION.

TUNE—"Caledonian Hunt's delight."

YE banks an' braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh an' fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
An' I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return!

Aft ha'e I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose an' woodbine twine;
An' ilka bird sang o' its luv,
An' fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
An' my fause lover stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.



WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY?

TUNE—"The ewe-buchts."

[“In my very early years, when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl” (Mary Campbell).—*Burns.*]

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across the Atlantic's roar?

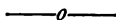
Oh sweet grow the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I ha'e sworn by the heavens to my Mary,
I ha'e sworn by the heavens to be true;
And sae may the heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

Oh plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;

Oh plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We ha'e plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join,
And curst be the cause that shall part us !
The hour and the moment o' time !



I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

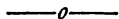
TUNE—"The blue-eyed lassie."

I GAED a wae fu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white—
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd;
She charm'd my soul—I wistna how;
An' aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam' frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed ;
She'll aiblins listen to my vow :
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.



MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

TUNE—"My wife's a wanton wee thing."

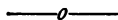
[“There is a peculiar rhythmus in many of our airs, and a necessity for adapting syllables to the emphasis, or what I would call the feature notes of the tune, that cramp the poet, and lay him under almost insuperable difficulties. For instance, in the air ‘My wife's a wanton wee thing,’ if a few lines, smooth and pretty, can be adapted to it, it is all you can expect. The following were made extempore to it.”—*Burns to G. Thomson.*]

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer ;
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

Oh leeze me on my wee thing,
My bonnie, blithesome wee thing ;
Sae lang's I ha'e my wee thing,
I'll think my lot divine.

Tho' warl's care we share o't,
And may see meikle mair o't;
Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
And ne'er a word repine.



HIGHLAND MARY.

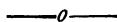
TUNE—"Katharine Ogie."

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie !
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
An' there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom !
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my deary;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow an' lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
An', pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder;
But, oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary.

Oh pale, pale, now, those rosy lips,
I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly !
An' clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly ;
An' mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lov'd me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.



AULD ROB MORRIS.

TUNE—"Jock, the laird's brother."

["The first two lines are taken from an old ballad—the rest is wholly original."—*Currie*.]

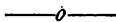
THERE 's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He 's the king o' gude fellows an' wale o' auld men ;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen an' kine,
An' ae bonnie lassie, his darling an' mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blithe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
An' dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But, oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
An' my daddie has naught but a cot-house an' yard:
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
An' I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

Oh had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might ha'e hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
Oh, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!



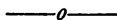
I HA'E A WIFE O' MY AIN.

TUNE—"Naebody."

I HA'E a wife o' my ain—
I'll partake wi' naebody;
I'll tak' cuckold frae nane,
I'll gie cuckold to naebody.

I ha'e a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naebody;
I ha'e naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord—
I'll be slave to naebody;
I ha'e a gude braid sword,
I'll tak' dunts frae naebody.
I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody;
If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody.



DAINTY DAVIE.

TUNE—"Dainty Davie."

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers ;
An' now come in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

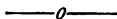
CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie ;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
An' that's my ain dear Davie.



DUNCAN GRAY.

TUNE—"Duncan Gray."

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blithe Yule night when we were fu',
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggy coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent an' unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

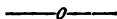
Duncan fleech'd, an' Duncan pray'd,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in,
Grat his een baith bleart an' blin',
Spak' o' lowpin' owre a linn;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time an' chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to—France for me!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
An' oh, her een, they spak' sic things!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan could na be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
 Now they're crouse and canty baith;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.



OH, WILLIE BREW'D.

TUNE—"Willie brew'd a peck o' maut."

[“This air is Masterton's; the song mine. The occasion of it was this:—Mr. William Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh, during the autumn vacation of 1789, being at Moffat, honest Allan (Masterton), who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton, and I, went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting that Mr. Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business.”—*Burns*. “This meeting,” says Currie, “took place at Laggan, a farm purchased by Mr. Nicol, in Nithsdale, on the recommendation of Burns.”]

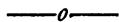
OH, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
 An' Rob an' Allan cam' to pree :
 Three blither hearts that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.
 We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
 But just a drappie in our e'e ;
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
 And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys, I trow, are we ;

An' mony a night we've merry been,
An' mony mae we hope to be !

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie ;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee !

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he !
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three !



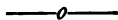
THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

TUNE—"Fee him, father, fee him."

["I composed these verses by the lee side of a bowl of punch, which had overset every mortal in the company, except the hautbois and the muse."—*Burns to Thomson.*]

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me
ever ;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me
ever ;
Aften hast thou vow'd that death only should us
sever,
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—I maun see thee
never, Jamie,
I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken;
Thou canst love anither jo, while my heart is breaking;
Soon my weary een I'll close—never mair to waken,
Jamie,
Ne'er mair to waken.



WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE.

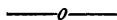
TUNE—"What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?"

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hoasts an' he hirples the weary day lang;
He's doyl't an' he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
Oh, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!
He's doyl't an' he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
Oh, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums an' he hankers, he frets an' he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish an' jealous of a' the young fellows:
Oh, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
He's peevish an' jealous of a' the young fellows:
Oh, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me tak's pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, an' wrack him, until I heart-break
him,
An' then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.
I'll cross him, an' wrack him, until I heart-
break him,
An' then his auld brass will buy me a new
pan.

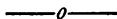


MEIKLE THINKS MY LUVE.

TUNE—"My tocher's the jewel."

OH meikle thinks my luve o' my beauty,
An' meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawly
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,
He canna ha'e luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an arle-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
Sae ye wi' anither, your fortune maun try.
Ye 're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye 're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
Ye 'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
An' ye 'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.



THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE.

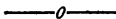
TUNE—"There are few gude fellows when Willie's awa."

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was gray;
An' as he was singing, the tears down came—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars;
Delusions, oppressions, an' murderous wars;
We darena weel say't, though we ken wha's to
blame—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
An' now I greet round their green beds in the yerd.
It brak' the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burthen that bows me down,
Since I tint my bairns, an' he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!



GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

TUNE—"Green grow the rashes."

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An 'twere na for the lasses, O.

CHORUS.

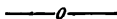
Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent among the lasses, O.

The warl'ly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warl'ly cares, an' warl'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye 're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.



OH, FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM.

TUNE—"The moudiewort."

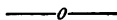
CHORUS.

AND oh, for ane-and-twenty, Tam,
And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam,
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam!
But three short years will soon wheel roun'—
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my loof—
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.



BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

TUNE—"The sweet lass that lo'es me."

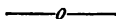
Oh leeze me on my spinning-wheel,
Oh leeze me on my rock an' reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
An' haps me fiel an' warm at e'en!
I'll set me down an' sing an' spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, an' milk an' meal—
Oh leeze me on my spinning-wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
An' meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk an' hawthorn white,
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest
An' little fishes' caller rest:
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blithe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
An' echo cons the dolefu' tale;

The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays :
The craik amang the clover hay,
The paitrick whirring o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, an' less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
Oh wha wad leave this humble state
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?



ROBIN.

TUNE—"Dainty Davie," or "Oh gin ye were dead, gudeman."

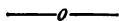
THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o' whatna style,
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
 Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' she, Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof;
 I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll ha'e misfortunes great an' sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a'—
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

But sure as three times three mak' nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
 So leeze me on thee, Robin.



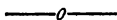
JOHN ANDERSON.

TUNE—"John Anderson, my jo."

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;

But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
An' mony a canty day, John,
We 've had wi' ane anither ;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we 'll go,
An' sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.



HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

TUNE—"Balinamona ora."

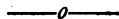
Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms :
Oh, gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms,
Oh, gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

CHORUS.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey for a
lass wi a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher—the nice yellow
guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new-deckit wi' bonnie white yowes.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possess;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest.



OH THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE!

TUNE—"This is no my ain house."

CHORUS.

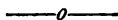
Oh this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be;
Oh weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

A thief sae paukie is my Jean,
To steal a blink by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the e'e.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.



COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

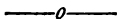
TUNE—"Coming through the rye."

[This is altered from an old favourite song of the same name.]

COMING through the rye, poor body,
Coming through the rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie
Coming through the rye.
Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie
Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body
Need the world ken?



LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

TUNE—"The Lothian lassie."

LAST May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men—
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

He spak' o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he liked for Jean—
The Lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgi'e me for lying!

A weel-stockit mailen, himsel' for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers;
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
But thought I might ha'e waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might ha'e waur offers.

But what wad ye think?—in a fortnight or less,
The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her!

He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
 Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her, could
 bear her,
 Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her.

But a' the neist week as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
An' wha but my fine fickle lover was there !
 I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,
 Lest neibors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet,
 But, heavens ! how he fell a-swearin', a swearin',
 But, heavens ! how he fell a-swearin'.

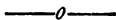
He begged, for gudesake, I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow :
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

A RED, RED ROSE.

TUNE—"Graham's strathspey."

OH, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
Oh, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.



HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S
AWA'.

TUNE—"Here's a health to them that's awa'."

HERE'S a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa';

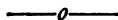
An' wha winna wish gude luck to our cause,
May never gude luck be their fa'!
It's gude to be merry an' wise,
It's gude to be honest an' true,
It's gude to support Caledonia's cause,
An' bide by the buff an' the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa';
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
Altho' that his band be but sma'.
May liberty meet wi' success!
May prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants an' tyranny tine in the mist,
An' wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa';
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law;
Here's freedom to him that wad read!
Here's freedom to him that wad write!
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa';
Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!

Here's friends on both sides of the Forth,
An' friends on both sides of the Tweed;
An' wha wad betray old Albion's rights,
May they never eat of her bread.



LORD GREGORY.

OH, mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
An' loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,—
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

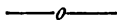
An exile frae her father's ha',
An' a' for loving thee;
At least some *pity* on me shaw,
If *love* it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge an' vow
Thou wad for aye be mine;
An' my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 An' flinty is thy breast:
 Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
 Oh, wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above
 Your willing victim see!
 But spare an' pardon my fause love,
 His wrangs, to Heaven an' me!



MARY MORISON.

TUNE—"Bide ye yet," or "The miller."

[“One of my juvenile works.”—*Burns*.

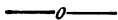
“Of all the productions of Burns, the pathetic and serious love songs which he has left behind him in the manner of old ballads, are perhaps those which take the deepest and most lasting hold of the mind. Such are the lines to Mary Morison, &c.”—*Hazlitt*.]

O MARY, at thy window be,
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
 Those smiles an' glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor:
 How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string,
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',

To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
Tho' this was fair, an' that was braw,
An' yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, an' said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gi'e,
At least be pity on me shown;
A thought ungentele canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.



SOMEBODY.

TUNE—"For the sake of somebody."

My heart is sair—I dare na tell—
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake of somebody.
Oh-hon, for somebody!
Oh-hey, for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody!

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
Oh, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilk danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon, for somebody!
Oh-hey, for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not!
For the sake o' somebody!



THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

TUNE—"The birks of Abergeldy."

["I composed these stanzas standing under the falls of Aberfeldy, at or near Moness, Perthshire."—*Burns.*]

CHORUS.

BONNIE lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

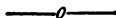
The little birdies blithely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,

Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend, like lofty wa's,
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
An' rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love an' thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.



I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

TUNE—"I'll gae nae mair to yon town."

I'LL aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again;
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
What brings me back the gate again,
But she, my fairest, faithfu' lass,
And stowlins we sall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin'-time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
Oh, haith, she's doubly dear again!
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again:
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.



THE EXCISEMAN.

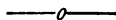
TUNE—"The de'il cam' fiddling through the town."

[“At a meeting of his brother excisemen in Dumfries, Burns being called upon for a song, handed these verses extempore to the president, written on the back of a letter.”—*Currie*.]

THE de'il cam' fiddling through the town,
An' danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman,
And ilka wife cries—"Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize, man!"
The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
The de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa',
He's danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman!

We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll dance, an' sing, an' rejoice, man;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black de'il
That danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman.
The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
The de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa',
He's danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land
Was—the de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman.
The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
The de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa',
He's danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman.



OH, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

TUNE—"I'll gae nae mair to yon town."

Oh, wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin' sun upon ?
The fairest dame's in yon town,
That e'enin' sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest, ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e !

How blest, ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year !
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blithe in yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr !
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

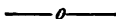
Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky !

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air ;
And she a lovely little flow'r,
That I would tent and shelter there.

Oh, sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinking sun's gane down upon ;
A fairer than's in yon town
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me—spare me Lucy dear !

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought from her shall ne'er depart,
And she—as fairest in her form !
She has the truest, kindest heart !



LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

TUNE—"Rothiemurche's rant."

[“This piece has at least the merit of being a regular pastoral: the vernal morn, the summer noon, the autumnal evening, and the winter night are regularly rounded.”—*Burns to Thomson.*]

CHORUS.

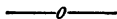
LASSIE wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie, O ?

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
An' a' is young an' sweet like thee:
Oh, wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
An' say thou 'lt be my dearie, O ?

An' when the welcome simmer shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
An' talk o' love, my dearie, O.

An' when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclasped to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.



MY SPOUSE, NANCY.

TUNE—"My jo, Janet."

"HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Tho' I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir."

"One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man, or woman, say,
My spouse, Nancy?"

“If ’tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I’ll desert my sov’reign lord,
And so good-bye allegiance !”

“Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy,
Yet I’ll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy.”

“My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I’m near it;
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it.”

“I will hope and trust in heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy.”

“Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I’ll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.”

“I’ll wed another like my dear,
Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse, Nancy.”

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

TUNE—"The lea rig."

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin' time is near, my jo;
An' owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf an' weary, O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, an' ne'er be earie, O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O.
Altho' the night was ne'er sae wild,
An' I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

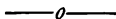
The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo:
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
It mak's my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet me on the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

POWERS CELESTIAL !

TUNE—"Blue bonnets."

POWERS celestial ! whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander,
Let my Mary be your care :
Let her form sae fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own,
Let my Mary's kindred spirit,
Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast,
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Soothe her bosom into rest :
Guardian angels ! oh protect her,
When in distant lands I roam ;
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home !



CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

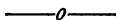
TUNE—"Lumps o' pudding."

CONTENTED wi' little, an' cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow an' care,
I gi'e them a skelp, as they're creepin' along,
Wi' a cog o' gude swats an' an auld Scottish sang.

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But man is a sodger, an' life is a faught:
My mirth an' good humour are coin in my pouch,
An' my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare
touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a':
When at the blithe end of our journey at last,
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind chance, let her snapper an' stoyte on her way;
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae;
Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is—"Welcome, an' welcome again!"



FROM THEE, ELIZA.

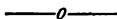
TUNE—"Gilderoy; or Donald."

[“To the heroine of this song the poet's thoughts turned when, rejected by Jean Armour, he wrote his pathetic ‘Lament.’ . . . Her name was Elizabeth Barbour, handsome rather than beautiful, very lively, and of ready wit.”—*Cunningham*.]

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore,
The cruel Fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:

But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
The latest throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!



GALA WATER.

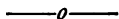
TUNE—"Gala Water."

THERE 's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander thro' the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws
Can match the lads o' Gala Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I ha'e na meikle tocher;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We 'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure:
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
Oh, that 's the chiefest warld's treasure!



MENIE.

TUNE—"Johnnie's gray breeks."

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

An' maun I still on Menie doat,*
An' bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, an' like a hawk,
An' winna let a body be.

* "This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh—a particular friend of the author's."—*R. B.* "Menie" is the common abbreviation for "Marion."

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And everything is blest but I.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,
An' owre the moorland whistles shrill;
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.

n' when the lark, 'tween light an' dark,
Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,
An' mounts an' sings on fluttering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
An' raging bend the naked tree:
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me!

HOW LANG AN' DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

TUNE—"Cauld kail in Aberdeen."

How lang an' dreary is the night
When I am frae my dearie;
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

For oh, her lanely nights are lang;
An' oh, her dreams are eerie;
An' oh, her widow'd heart is sair
That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie,
An' now what seas between us roar—
How can I be but eerie?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours!
The joyless day how dreary!
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

For oh, her lanely nights are lang;
An' oh, her dreams are eerie;
An' oh, her widow'd heart is sair
That's absent frae her dearie.

POORTITH CAULD.

TUNE—"I had a horse."

O POORTITH cauld and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.

Oh, why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?

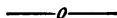
This warl's wealth when I think on,
Its pride and a' the lave o't;
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.
Oh, why, &c.

Her een sae bonnie blue betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.
Oh, why, &c.

Oh, wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?

Oh, wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am ?
Oh, why, &c.

How blest the humble cottar's fate !
He woos his simple dearie ;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.
Oh, why, &c.



STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

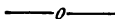
["The air," says Burns, "is the composition of one of the worthiest and best-hearted men living—Allan Masterton, schoolmaster in Edinburgh. As he and I were both sprouts of Jacobitism, we agreed to dedicate the words and air to that cause. To tell the truth, except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my Jacobitism was merely by way of *vive la bagatelle*."]]

THICKEST night, o'erhang my dwelling!
Howling tempests, o'er me rave !
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave !

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend;
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend!



THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

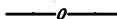
TUNE—"The braes o' Ballochmyle."

[“Composed on the amiable and excellent family of Whitefoord's leaving Ballochmyle, when Sir John's misfortunes obliged him to sell the estate.”—*Burns*.]

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle!

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;

Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm or flow'ret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel, sweet Ballochmyle!



WANDERING WILLIE.

TUNE—"Here awa', there awa'."

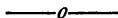
[Messrs. Erskine and Thomson having suggested some changes in the following song, our Poet, with his usual judgment, adopted some of their alterations and rejected others. The last edition is as follows.]

HERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;
Welcome now simmer and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear Willie ance mair to my arms!

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main !
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain !



THE FAREWELL

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.

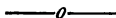
TUNE—"Good-night, and joy be wi' you a'."

ADIEU ! a heart-warm fond adieu !
Dear brothers of the mystic tie !
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy:
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart and brimful eye
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
An' spent the cheerful, festive night ;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light :
An' by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw !
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath th' omniscient eye above,
The glorious Architect divine !
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

And you, farewell ! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear !
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
To masonry and Scotia dear !
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round—I ask it with a tear—
To him, the Bard that's far awa'.



THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

TUNE—"Miss Forbes's farewell to Banff," or "Johnnie's gray brecks."

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang,
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
An' bore its fragrant sweets along :
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature list'ning seem'd the while,

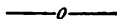
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy:
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild;
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild;
But woman, nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle!

Oh, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain,
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle!

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine;
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.



THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

TUNE—"Humours of Glen."

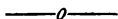
THEIR groves o'sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell an' gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
An' cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud
palace,
What are they?—the haunt of the tyrant and slave!

'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin. 95

The slave's spicy forests and gold-bubbling fountains
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean!



**'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was
my ruin.**

TUNE—"Laddie, lie near me."

[“For this beautiful song we are indebted to Jean Lorimer. It is true that Mary is wrought into the texture of the verse; but copies have been seen with the first line of the last verse running thus:—‘Jeanie, I’m thine,’ &c.”—*Cunningham*.]

'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin;
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing;
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

TAM GLEN.

TUNE—"Tam Glen."

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie !
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen ?

I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow
In poortith I might make a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maunna marry Tam Glen ?

There's Lowrie, the Laird o' Drumeller,
"Gude day to you, brute!" he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen ?

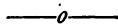
My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen ?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten;
But if it's ordained I maun tak' him,
Oh, wha will I get but Tam Glen ?

Yestreen at the valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou' gi'ed a sten ;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin'
My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken ;
His likeness cam' up the house staukin',
And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen !

Come counsel, dear tittie! don't tarry—
I'll gi'e you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.



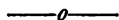
HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS !

TUNE—"John Anderson, my jo."

[Altered from an old English song.]

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby
Poor woman sacrifice!
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife,—
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

The rav'ning hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin
Awhile her pinions tries :
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet.



THE BANKS OF NITH.

TUNE—"Robie donna gorach."

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea
Where royal cities stately stand ;
But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command :
When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear ?
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here ?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom !
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom !

Tho' wandering now must be my doom,
Far frae thy bonnie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume
Amang the friends of early days!



O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET?

TUNE—"Let me in this ae night."

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
Or art thou waukin', I would wit?
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

Oh let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
Oh rise and let me in, jo!

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
Tak' pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blows
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

HER ANSWER.

Sung to the same Tune.

OH tell na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain;
Gae back the gait ye cam' again,
I winna let you in, jo!

CHORUS.

I tell you now, this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
An' ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed;
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.

MARK YONDER POMP OF COSTLY
FASHION.

TUNE—"De'il tak' the wars."

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy, titled bride:
But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
What are the showy treasures?
What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art:
The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
In simplicity's array,
Lovely as yonder sweet op'ning flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day,—
Oh then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul;
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel through ev'ry vein Love's raptures roll.

YON WILD, MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

TUNE—"Yon wild, mossy mountains."

[“This tune is by Oswald: the song alludes to a part of my private history which it is of no consequence to the world to know.”—*Burns.*]

YON wild, mossy mountains, sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o’ the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro’ the heather
to feed,

And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his
reed.

Where the grouse lead their coveys through the
heather to feed,

And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on
his reed.

Not Gowrie’s rich valleys, nor Forth’s sunny shores,
To me ha’e the charms o’ yon wild, mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely and sequester’d stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

For there, by a lanely and sequester’d stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my
dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;
For there, wi’ my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o’er us unheeded flee the swift hours o’
love.

For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded flee the swift hours o'
love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs!
And when wit and refinement ha'e polish'd her
darts,
They dazzle our een as they flee to our hearts.
And when wit and refinement ha'e polished her
darts,
They dazzle our een as they flee to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling
e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her
arms,
Oh, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!
And the heart beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her
arms,
Oh, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

OH, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

TUNE—"My love is lost to me."

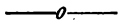
["This air is Oswald's: the song I made out of compliment to Mrs. Burns."—*Burns.*]

OH, were I on Parnassus' hill !
Or had of Helicon my fill ;
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my muse's well,
My muse maun be thy bonnie sel' ;
On Corsincon I'll glow'r an' spell,
An' write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay !
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I couldna sing, I couldna say,
How much, how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven an' earth I love thee !

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame ;
An' aye I muse an' sing thy namé—
I only live to love thee.

Tho' I were doom'd to wander on
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then—and then I love thee.



THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

TUNE—"Captain O'Kean."

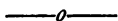
[“As I was riding through a tract of melancholy joyless moors, between Galloway and Ayrshire, it being Sunday, I turned my thoughts to psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, and Captain O'Kean coming at length into my head I tried these words to it.”—*Burns to Cleghorn.*]

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale;
The hawthorn trees blow in the dew of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale;

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by care?
No flow'rs gaily springing, nor birds sweetly
singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne?
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find
none.

But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn ;
My brave gallant friends! 'tis your ruin I mourn ;
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial—
Alas! I can make you no sweeter return !



LOVELY DAVIES.

TUNE—"Miss Muir."

OH how shall I, unskilfu', try
The poet's occupation,
The tuneful powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration ?
Even they maun dare an effort mair
Than aught they ever gave us,
Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
Like Phoebus in the morning,
When past the shower, an' ev'ry flower
The garden is adorning.
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore
When winter-bound the wave is,
Sae droops our heart when we maun part
Frae charming, lovely Davies.

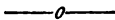
Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift,
That mak's us mair than princes;
A sceptred hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances:



The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is;

He hugs his chain, an' owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My muse, to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble powers surrender ;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour :
I wad in vain essay the strain,
The deed too daring brave is ;
I'll drap the lyre, an' mute admire
The charms o' lovely Davies.



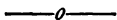
YOUNG JOCKEY.

TUNE—"Young Jockey."

YOUNG JOCKEY was the blithest lad
In a' our town or here awa' :
Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud,*
Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'.
He roosed my een, sae bonnie blue,
He roosed my waist, sae genty sma',
An' aye my heart cam' to my mou'
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

* The gaud—at the plough.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Thro' wind an' weet, thro' frost an' snaw;
An' o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
An' aye the night comes round again,
When in his arms he tak's me a',
An' aye he vows he'll be my ain
As lang's he has a breath to draw.



THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR,
BETWEEN THE DUKE OF ARGYLE AND THE EARL OF MAR.

TUNE—"The Cameronian rant."

[An old song, abridged and improved by Burns.]

"OH cam' ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were you at the Sherra-muir,
An' did the battle see, man?"
"I saw the battle, sair an' tough,
An reekin' red ran mony a sheugh,
My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, an' see the cluds,
O' clans frae wuds, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

"The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd an' push'd, and' blude outgush'd,
An' mony a bouk did fa', man;
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles:
They hack'd an' hash'd, while broadswords
clash'd,
An' thro' they dash'd, an' hew'd an' smash'd,
Till fey men died awa', man.

"But had you seen the philabegs,
An' skyrin' tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
An' covenant true blues, man;
In lines extended lang an' large,
When bayonets opposed the targe,
An' thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frightened doos, man."

"Oh, how de'il, Tam, can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the north, man;
I saw myself, they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man;
An' at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
An' straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;

But, cursed lot! the gates were shut;
An' mony a huntit poor red coat,
For fear amaisht did swarf, man!"

"My sister Kate cam' up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swore she saw some rebels run
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good-will
That day their neibors' blude to spill;
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose—all crying woes;
An' so it goes you see, man.

"They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Amang the Highland clans, man:
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man:
Now wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrang an' some for right;
But mony bade the world gude-night;
Then ye may tell how pell an' mell,
By red claymores, an' muskets' knell,
Wi' dying yell, the Tories fell,
An' Whigs to hell did flee, man."

SONG COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

TUNE—"I had a horse, I had nae mair," or "O poortith cauld."

Now westlin' winds an' slaught'ring guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright when I rove at night
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells:
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, the leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring gory pinion.

But Peggy, dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading green and yellow:
Come, let us stray our gladsome way,
An' view the charms of Nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
An' every happy creature.

We'll gently walk, an' sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer.

—o—

YOUNG PEGGY.

TUNE—"The last time I cam' o'er the muir," or "Peggy, I must
love thee."

[“This is one of the Poet's earliest compositions. It is copied from
MS. book which he had before his first publication.”—*Cromek.*]

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning,

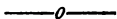
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With early gems adorning:
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips, more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has graced them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them:
Her smile is, as the evening, mild,
When feather'd tribes are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her,
As blooming spring unbends the brow
Of surly, savage winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning powers to lessen;
And fretful envy grins in vain
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye powers of honour, love, and truth,
From every ill defend her;
Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
The destinies intend her:

Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom,
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.



THE GLOOMY NIGHT IS GATHERING FAST.

TUNE—"Roslin Castle," or "Hughie Graham."

"I composed this song as I convoyed my chest so far on the road to Greenock, where I was to embark in a few days for Jamaica (November, 1786). I meant it as my farewell dirge to my native land."—*Burns*. "I requested him to communicate some of his unpublished poems, and he recited his farewell song to the banks of Ayr, introducing it with a description of the circumstances in which it was composed, more striking than the poem itself. He had left Dr. Lawrie's family, after a visit, which he expected to be the last, and on his way home had to cross a wide stretch of solitary moor. His mind was strongly affected by parting for ever with a scene where he had tasted so much elegant and social pleasure; and, depressed by the contrasted gloom of his prospects, the aspect of nature harmonized with his feelings: it was a lowering and heavy evening in the end of autumn. The wind was up, and whistled through the rushes and long spear-grass which bent before it. The clouds were driving across the sky; and cold pelting showers at intervals added discomfort of body to cheerlessness of mind. Under these circumstances, and in this frame, Burns composed his poem."—*Professor Walker*.]

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;

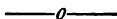
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure;
While here I wander, prest wi' care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
By early winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid azure sky
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave—
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore:
Tho' death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear!
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills an' dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales—
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—

The bursting tears my heart declare ;
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr !



MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

TUNE—"Macpherson's rant."

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie !
Macpherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

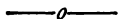
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath ?—
On mony a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again !

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword ;
And there's no a man in all Scotland
But I'll brave him at a word.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avenged be.

Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!



ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.

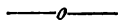
TUNE—"Where'll bonnie Ann lie?" or "Locherroch side."

OH stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay!
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,—
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart
Wha kills me wi' disdain.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd
Sic notes o' woe could wauken!

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief and dark despair;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
Or my poor heart is broken !



ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

TUNE—"Aye waukin', O."

CAN I cease to care,
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish ?

CHORUS.

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror;
Slumber even I dread,
Every dream is horror.

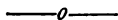
Hear me, Pow'rs divine!
Oh, in pity hear me !
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me !

BLITHE HA'E I BEEN ON YON HILL.

TUNE—"Liggeram Cosh."

BLITHE ha'e I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought an' free,
As the breeze flew o'er me:
Now nae longer sport an' play,
Mirth or sang can please me:
Lesley is sae fair an' coy,
Care an' anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring;
Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,
Sighing, dumb, despairing!
If she winna ease the thraws
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass-green sod
Soon maun be my dwelling.



MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

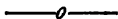
TUNE—"There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame."

Now in her green mantle blithe nature arrays,
An' listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa'.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
An' violets bathe in the weat o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—an' Nannie's awa'.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn,
An' thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow an' gray,
An' soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay;
The dark, dreary winter an' wild-driving snaw
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'.

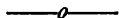


THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

TUNE—"The Lass of Inverness."

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries "Alas!"
And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e:
"Drumossie moor—Drumossie day—
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

"Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see;
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's e'e!
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be;
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair
 That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee."



SONG OF DEATH.

TUNE—"Oran an Aoig," but now sung to the Irish air, "My lodging is on the cold ground."

[“Looking over, with a musical friend, M'Donald's *Collection of Highland Airs*, I was struck with one, an Isle of Skye tune, entitled 'Oran an Aoig,' or, 'The song of death,' to the measure of which I have adapted my stanzas.”—*Burns to Mrs. Dunlop*, December 17, 1791.]

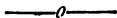
Scene,—A field of battle.—Time of the day, evening.—The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song:—

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and yee skies,
 Now gay with the bright setting sun;
 Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties—
 Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe!
 Go, frighten the coward and slave;
 Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
 No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!—
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our
hands,
Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
Oh, who would not die with the brave!



LOGAN BRAES.

TUNE—"Logan Water."

["Have you ever, my dear sir, felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation on reading of those mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay nations waste, out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind I recollected the air of 'Logan Water,' and it occurred to me that its querulous melody probably had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some public destroyer, and overwhelmed with private distress, the consequence of a country's ruin."—*Burns to Thomson.*]

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide
That day I was my Willie's bride;
An' years sinsyne ha'e o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark an' drear,

While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me an' Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills an' valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers;
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
An' evening's tears are tears of joy;
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his songs her cares beguile:
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights an' joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Oh, wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make many a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tear, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
An' Willie hame to Logan braes!

FAIR ELIZA.

A Gaelic air.

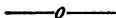
[“The original title of this song was ‘Fair Rabina:’ the heroine was a young lady to whom one of the poet’s friends was attached, and Burns wrote it in compliment to his passion. Johnson, the proprietor of the *Museum*, disliked the name, and desiring to have one more suitable for singing, the poet unwillingly changed it to Eliza.”—*Cunningham*.]

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part,
Rue on thy despairing lover !
Canst thou break his faithful heart ?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza ;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship’s kind disguise !

Thee, dear maid, ha’e I offended ?
The offence is loving thee :
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever
Wha for thine wad gladly die ?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe ;
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o’ sunny noon ;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon ;

Not the poet in the moment
Fancy lightens on his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gi'es to me.



SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

TUNE—"She's fair and fause."

SHE's fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle an' lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof cam' in wi' routh o' gear,
And I ha'e tint my dearest dear;
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind.
O woman, lovely woman fair!
An angel form's fa'n to thy share,
'Twad been owre meikle to've gi'en thee mair—
I mean an angel mind.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

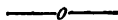
TUNE—"The eight men of Moidart."

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they called it Linkum-doddie;
Willie was a wabster gude,
Could stown a clew wi' ony body.
He had a wife was doun an' din,
Oh, Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

She has an e'e—she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller:
A whiskin' beard about her mou',
Her nose an' chin they threaten ither—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

She's bough-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter;
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouter;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
But Willie's wife is na sic trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan Water;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gi'e a button for her.



ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

TUNE—"If he be a butcher neat and trim," or "The cardin' o't."

[Recovered from the recitation of a lady in Glasgow, and first published by Cromek.]

ON Cessnock banks there lives a lass,
Could I describe her shape an' mien,
The graces of her weel-faur'd face,
An' the glancin' of her sparklin' een !
She's fresher than the morning dawn
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

She's stately, like yon youthful ash
That grows the cowslip braes between,
An' shoots its head above each bush;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn,
With flow'rs so white an' leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

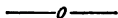
Her looks are like the sportive lamb
When flow'ry May adorns the scene,
That wantons round its bleating dam;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.
Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When shining sunbeams intervene,
An' gild the distant mountain's brow;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.
Her voice is like the evening thrush
That sings in Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe
That sunny walls from Boreas screen—
They tempt the taste an' charm the sight;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.
Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,

That slowly mount the rising steep;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks beneath the seas;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.
But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen,
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her sparklin' een.



OH, LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

TUNE—"The posie."

Oh, luve will venture in where it daurna weel be seen;
Oh, luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove, among the woods
sae green—

An' a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

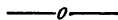
The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
An' I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
For she's the pink o' womankind, an' blooms
without a peer—

An' a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue—
An' a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, an' the lily it is fair,
An' in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity an' unaffected air—
An' a' to be a posie to my ain kind May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break of day;
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak'
away—
An' a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.



THE COUNTRY LASSIE.

TUNE—"The country lassie."

IN simmer, when the hay was mawn,
An' corn wav'd green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
An' roses blaw in ilka bield;
Blithe Bessie, in the milking shiel,
Says—"I'll be wed, come o't what will."
Out spak' a dame in wrinkled eild—
"O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

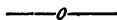
"It's ye ha'e wooers mony ane,
An', lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
Then wait a wee, an' cannie wale
A routhie but, a routhie ben:
There's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak' this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the luv'er's fire."

"For Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen
I dinna care a single flee;
He lo'es sae weel his craps an' kye,
He has nae luv'e to spare for me:
But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
An', weel I wat, he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wad na gi'e
For Buskie-glen an' a' his gear."

"O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught;
The canniest gate, the strife is sair;
But aye fu' han't is fechtin' best,
An' hungry care's an unco care;
But some will spend an' some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill."

"Oh, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
An' gear will buy me sheep an' kye;

But the tender heart o' leesome luve
The gowd an' siller canna buy;
We may be poor—Robie an' I,
Light is the burden luve lays on;
Content an' luve bring peace an' joy—
What mair ha'e queens upon a throne?"



THE SMILING SPRING.

TUNE—"Bonnie Bell."

THE smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
An' surly winter grimly flies;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
An' bonnie blue are the sunny skies.
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
An' I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery spring leads sunny summer,
An' yellow autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
Till smiling spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonnie Bell.

BLOOMING NELLY.

TUNE—"On a bank of flowers."

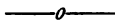
ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
For summer lightly drest,
The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep opprest;
When Willie, wand'ring thro' the wood,
Who for her favour oft had sued,
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
Were seal'd in soft repose;
Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,
It richer dy'd the rose.
The springing lilies sweetly prest,
Wild, wanton, kiss'd her rival breast;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd—
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace;
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace:
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;

He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear-inspired wings,
So Nelly, starting, half-awake,
Away affrighted springs;
But Willie follow'd, as he should,
He overtook her in the wood;
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good.



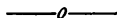
THE DAY RETURNS.

TUNE—"The seventh of November."

[“I composed this song out of compliment to one of the happiest and worthiest married couples in the world, Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glen-riddel, and his lady. At their fireside I have enjoyed more pleasant evenings than at all the houses of fashionable people in this country put together.”—*Burns*.]

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
An' crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns an' globes,
Heav'n gave me more—it made thee mine!

While day an' night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give,
 While joys above my mind can move,
 For thee, an' thee alone, I live.
 When that grim foe of life below
 Comes in between to make us part,
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart !



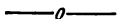
THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

TUNE—"Bhannerach dhon na chri."

[“These verses were composed on a charming girl, a Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James M’Kitrick Adair, Esq., physician. She is sister of my worthy friend, Gavin Hamilton, of Mauchline, and was born on the banks of Ayr, but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Harvieston, in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon.”—*Burns.*]

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
 With green spreading bushes and flowers blooming fair!
 But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
 Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
 In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew;
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower
 That steals on the ev’ning each leaf to renew.

Oh spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn :
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn !
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded Lilies,
And England, triumphant, display her proud
Rose ;
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.



THE LAZY MIST.

TUNE—"No churchman am I, for to rail or to write."

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill ;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear !
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year.
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown :
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues !

How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain !
How little of life's scanty span may remain !
What aspects old Time in his progress has worn !
What ties cruel fate in my bosom has torn !

How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd !
And downward how weaken'd, how darken'd, how
pain'd !

This life's not worth having with all it can give—
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.



RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

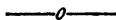
TUNE—"Macgregor of Ruara's lament."

[“I composed these verses on Miss Isabella M'Leod of Raasay, alluding to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death (1786) of her sister's husband, the late Earl of Loudoun, who shot himself, out of sheer heart-break at some mortifications he suffered owing to the deranged state of his finances.”—*Burns.*]

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strewing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring—
“Farewell hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow!

“O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.

Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
Gladly how would I resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee !”



HIGHLAND HARRY.

TUNE—"The Highlander's lament."

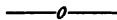
[“The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dumblane; the rest of the song is mine.”—*Burns*. “It is evident that the poet has understood the chorus in a Jacobite sense, and written his own verses in that strain accordingly. Mr. Peter Buchan has, nevertheless, ascertained that the original song related to a love attachment between Harry Lumsdale, the second son of a Highland gentleman, and Miss Jeanie Gordon, daughter to the laird of Knockhespock, in Aberdeenshire. The lady was married to her cousin, Habiche Gordon, a son of the laird of Rhymie; and some time after, her former lover having met her and shaken her hand, her husband drew his sword in anger, and lopped off several of Lumsdale's fingers—which Highland Harry took so much to heart that he soon after died.”—*Chambers*.]

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strode he on the plain:
But now he 's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.

Oh for him back again !
Oh for him back again !
I wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed
I wander dowie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And aye I wish him back again.

Oh, were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyful sight,
My Highland Harry back again.



FIRST WHEN MAGGY WAS MY CARE.

TUNE—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
Heaven I thought was in her air;
Now we're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.
Meg was meek, an' Meg was mild,
Bonnie Meg was nature's child;
Wiser men than me's beguil'd—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg an' me,
How we love, an' how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.



BLITHE WAS SHE.

TUNE—"Andro and his cutty gun."

[“I composed these verses while I stayed at Ochtertyre, with Sir William Murray (father of Sir George Murray, late secretary for the colonies). The lady, who was also at Ochtertyre at the same time, was the well-known toast, Miss Euphemia Murray, of Lintrose, who was called, and very justly, the *Flower of Strathmore*.”—*Burns*.]

CHORUS.

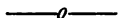
BLITHE, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she butt and ben :
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
An' blithe in Glenturit glen.

By Auchtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw ;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn :
She tripped by the banks o' Ern
As light 's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
An' o'er the lowlands I ha'e been;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.



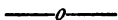
MY PEGGY'S FACE.

TUNE—"My Peggy's face."

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of humankind.
I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly heavenly fair,
Her native grace, so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway!
Who but knows they all decay!

The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The gen'rous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look, that rage disarms—
These are all immortal charms.



THE BONNIE WEE THING.

TUNE—"Bonnie wee thing."

["Composed on my little idol, the charming, lovely Davies."—*Burns.*]

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.
Wishfully I look an' languish
In that bonnie face o' thine;
An' my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, an' grace, an' love, an' beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine!

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

TUNE—"The shepherd's wife."

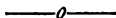
[“This song I composed on Miss Jenny Cruickshanks, only child to my worthy friend Mr. William Cruickshanks, of the High School, Edinburgh.”—*Burns.*]

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosed baw,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.
Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
An' drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest,
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeanie fair !
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tends thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young an' gay,
Shall beauteous blaze upon the day,
An' bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.



BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

TUNE—"Neil Gow's lament for Abercairny."

[“This song I composed on one of the most accomplished of women. Miss Peggy Chalmers that was, now Mrs. Lewis Hay, of Forbes & Co.'s Bank, Edinburgh.”—*Burns*.]

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes;
As one who, by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r!
The tyrant death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

BONNIE CASTLE-GORDON.

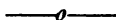
TUNE—"Morag."

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by winter's chains;
 Glowing here on golden sands,
There commix'd with foulest stains
 From tyranny's empurpled bands;
These, their richly gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves;
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
 The banks by Castle-Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
 Hapless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
 Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil;
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave;
Give me the groves that lofty brave
 The storms by Castle-Gordon.

Wildly here, without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole;
 In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
 She plants the forest, pours the flood:

Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
By bonnie Castle-Gordon.



THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

TUNE—"Morag."

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover,
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden,
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
An' bonnie Castle-Gordon!

The trees, now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies, dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blithely singing,
An' every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When, by his mighty warden,
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
An' bonnie Castle-Gordon.

CALEDONIA.

TUNE—"The Caledonian Hunt's delight."

THERE was once a day—but old Time then was
young—

That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung,
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine ?)
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would :
Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew :
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,
"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall
rue !"

With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn ;
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
Her darling amusement the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reign'd ; till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand :*
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darken'd the air and they plunder'd the land ;

* The Romans.

Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside;
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly—
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell harpy-raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas and the dread of the
shore;*

The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore;†
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.‡

The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;
Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life;§
The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood;
But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:

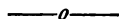
* The Saxons.

† The Danes.

‡ The two famous battles in which the Danes or Norwegians were defeated.

§ The Highlanders of the Isles.

For brave Caledonia immortal must be ;
 I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun :
 Rectangle-triangle the figure we'll choose—
 The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base ;
 But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse ;
 Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them
 always.*



MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

TUNE—"Druimion Dubh."

[“I composed these verses out of compliment to a Mrs. MacLachlan, whose husband is an officer in the East Indies.”—*Burns.*]

MUSING on the roaring ocean
 Which divides my love and me ;
 Wearying heaven in warm devotion
 For his weal, where'er he be.

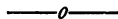
Hope and fear's alternate billow
 Yielding late to nature's law,
 Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
 Talk of him that's far awa'.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
 Ye who never shed a tear,

* This singular figure of poetry refers to the famous proposition of Pythagoras, the 47th of Euclid. In a right-angled triangle the square of the hypothenuse is always equal to the squares of the two other sides.

Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
Downy sleep the curtain draw;
Spirits kind again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa'.



BONNIE ANN.

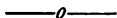
TUNE—"Ye gallants bright."

["I composed this song out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend Allan Masterton, the author of the air *Strathallan's Lament*, and two or three others in this work (*Johnson's Scots Musical Museum*)."]—Burns.]

YE gallants bright, I rede ye right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann:
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, an' love attendant move,
An' pleasure leads the van:
In a' their charms an' conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.

The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I rede ye a',
Beware o' bonnie Ann!



HOW CAN I BE BLITHE AND GLAD?

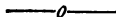
TUNE—"The bonnie lad that's far awa'."

OH how can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is owre the hills and far awa'?
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is owre the hills and far awa'?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift an' snaw;
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa'.
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they ha'e disown'd me a',
But I ha'e ane will tak' my part,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.
But I ha'e ane will tak' my part,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he ga'e to me,
An' silken snoods he ga'e me twa,
An' I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.
An' I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.



THE GALLANT WEAVER.

TUNE—"The weaver's march."

WHERE Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
By mony 'a flow'r and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.
Oh, I had wooers aucht or nine,
They gi'ed me rings and ribbons fine;
An' I was fear'd my heart would tine,
An' I gi'ed it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
To gi'e the lad that has the land;
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And gi'e it to the weaver.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees delight in op'ning flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.

OH WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME?

TUNE—"Morag."

OH, wha is she that lo'es me,
An' has my heart a-keeping?
Oh, sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping!

Oh, that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
Oh, that's the queen o' womankind,
An' ne'er a ane to peer her.

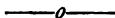
If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace an' beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming:

If thou hadst heard her talking,
An' thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her, by thee is slighted,
An' thou art all delighted:

If thou hast met this fair one;
When frae her thou hast parted,

If every other fair one,
But her, thou hast deserted,
An' thou art broken-hearted;—

Oh, that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
Oh, that's the queen o' womankind,
An' ne'er a ane to peer her.



MY BONNIE MARY.

TUNE—"Go fetch to me a pint o' wine."

[*"This air is Oswald's; the first half-stanza of this song is old; the rest mine."*—*Burns.*]

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie:
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
An' I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;

But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry:
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.



I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

TUNE—"I do confess thou art sae fair."

[“This song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Aytoun, private secretary to Mary and Anne, Queens of Scotland.”—*Burns.*]

I DO confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been owre the lugs in love,
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak thy heart could move.
I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy;
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy!
Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,
Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE—"Push about the jorum."

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons beware, sir;
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
An' volunteers on shore, sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
An' Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!
Fall de rall, &c.

Oh, let us not, like snarling tykes,
In wrangling be divided;
Till, slap, come in an unco loon,
An' wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Among oursel's united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.
Fall de rall, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk an' state,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
But de'il a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.

Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
An' wha wad dare to spoil it ?
By heaven, the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it.
Fall de rall, &c.

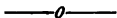
The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
An' the wretch, his true-born brother,
Who would set the *mob* aboon the *throne*,
May they be damn'd together.
Who will not sing, "God save the King,"
Will hang as high 's the steeple ;
But while we sing, "God save the King,"
We 'll ne'er forget the People.
Fall de rall, &c.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

TUNE—"The sutor's dochter."

WILT thou be my dearie ?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee ?
By the treasure of my soul,
That 's the love I bear thee !
I swear an' vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie.
Only thou, I swear an' vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me ;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou 'lt refuse me :
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.



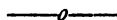
THE WINTER OF LIFE.

TUNE—"Gil Morice."

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoic'd the day ;
Thro' gentle showers the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay ;
But now our joys are fled,
On winter blasts awa' !
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of age ;
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.

Oh, age has weary days,
An' nights o' sleepless pain !
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why comes thou not again ?



YESTREEN I HAD A PINT O' WINE.

TUNE—"Banks of Banna."

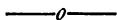
["I think this is the best love song I ever composed."—*BURNS.*]

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na ;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, tak' the east an' west,
Frae Indus to Savannah !
Gi'e me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.
There I'll despise imperial charms,
An empress or sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms
I give an' take with Anna !

My Lady's gown, there's gairs upon't. 161

Awa', thou flaunting god o' day!
Awa', thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna.
Come, in thy raven plumage, night!
Sun, moon, an' stars withdrawn a';
An' bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna!



MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE'S GAIRS
UPON 'T.

TUNE—"Gregg's pipes."

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't,
An' gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps an' jirkinet,
My lord thinks meikle mair upon't.

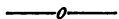
My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane,
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
An' kith an' kin o' Cassillis' bluid;
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher gude
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

Out owre yon muir, out owre yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her gentle limbs,
Like music notes o' lovers' hymns:
The diamond dew is her een sae blue,
Whare laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower an' fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
Oh, that 's the lass to mak' him blest.

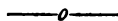


TO MARY.

TUNE—"Could aught of song."

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
Could artful numbers move thee,
The muse should tell, in labour'd strains,
O Mary, how I love thee!
They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the lyre to languish;
But what avails the pride of art
When wastes the soul with anguish?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover ;
'And in the keen, yet tender eye,
Oh, read th' imploring lover !
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising ;
Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd,
The voice of nature prizing.



OH, LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

TUNE—"Cordwainer's march."

OH, lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass ;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.
A slave to love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae ;
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I ha'e lo'ed best ;
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.
Oh, lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,

And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

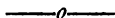


ANNA, THY CHARMS.

TUNE—"Bonnie Mary."

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care;
But, ah ! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair !

Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
To hope may be forgiv'n;
For, sure, 'twere impious to despair,
So much in sight of heav'n.



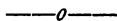
GLOOMY DECEMBER.

TUNE—"Wandering Willie."

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December !
Ance mair I hail thee, wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh ! ne'er to meet mair.

Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, oh farewell for ever,
Is anguish unmingled and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone.
Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow an' care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

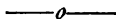


CASSILLIS' BANKS.

TUNE—"I ha'e laid a herrin' in saut."

Now banks an' braes are claith'd in green,
An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;
By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing.
To Cassillis' banks, when e'ening fa's,
There wi' my Mary let me flee,
There catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

The child wha boasts o' warld's walth
Is aften laird o' meikle care;
But Mary she is a' my ain—
Ah! fortune canna gi'e me mair.
Then let me range by Cassillis' banks
Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
An' catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!



THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

TUNE—"The mill, mill, O."

[“ Burns, I have been informed, was one summer evening at the inn at Brownhill with a couple of friends, when a poor wayworn soldier passed the window: of a sudden, it struck the poet to call him in, and get the story of his adventures; after listening to which, he all at once fell into one of those fits of abstraction not unusual with him. He was lifted to the region where he had his ‘garland and singing robes about him,’ and the result was the admirable song which he sent you for ‘The mill, mill, O.’”—*Correspondent of Mr. George Thomson.*]

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
An' gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
An' mony a widow mourning,
I left the lines an' tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor but honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
An' for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy;
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, an' trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid
Down by her mother's dwelling!
An' turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
Oh, happy, happy may he be
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
An' fain wad be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king an' country lang—
Tak' pity on a sodger!"

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
An' lovelier was than ever;

Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot an' hamely fare
Ye freely shall partake o't:
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like ony lily;
She sank within my arms, an' cried,
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?"
"By him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; an' thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

"The wars are o'er, an' I'm come hame,
An' find thee still true-hearted!
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
An' mair we'se ne'er be parted."
Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
An' come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly."

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour.

The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay
In day an' hour of danger.



MEG O' THE MILL.

TUNE—"O bonnie lass, will you lie in a barrack."

OH, ken ye wha Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
And ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
She's gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley miller.

The miller was strappin', the miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord and a hue like a lady;
The laird was a widdiefu' bleerit knurl;—
She's left the gude fellow and ta'en the churl.

The miller he hecht her a heart leal an' loving;
The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

Oh, wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing!
And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailen!
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But gi'e me my love, and a fig for the warl'!

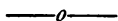
OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH !

"Oh ! open the door, some pity to show,
Oh ! open the door to me, oh !
Tho' thou hast been false, I 'll ever prove true,
Oh ! open the door to me, oh !

"Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, oh !
The frost that freezes the life at my heart
Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh !

"The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
An' time is setting with me, oh !
False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair
I 'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, oh !"

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide ;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh !
"My true love !" she cried, an' sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, oh !



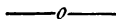
YOUNG JESSIE.

TUNE—"Bonnie Dundee."

TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
An' fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr,

But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river
Are lovers as faithful an' maidens as fair:
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
An' maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

Oh, fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
An' sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law:
An' still to her charms she alone is a stranger—
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'!



CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS,
MY KATY?

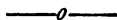
TUNE—"Roy's wife of Aldivalloch."

CHORUS.

CANST thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
Thou mayst find those will love thee dear,
But not a love like mine, my Katy!



MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

TUNE—"Failte na Miosg."

[*"The first half-stanza of this song is old, the rest is mine."*—*Burns.*]

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below:

Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods..



My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

BONNIE JEAN.

TUNE—"Willie was a wanton wag," or "Bonnie Jean."

[*"The heroine of the following is Miss (Jean) M'(Murdo), daughter to Mr. M'(Murdo), of D(rumlanrig). I have not painted her in the rank which she holds in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager."*—*R.B.*]

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen;
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.
An' aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
An' aye she sang sae merrilie:
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
An' frost will blight the fairest flowers;
An' love will break the soundest rest.
Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
An' he had owsen, sheep, an' kye,
An' wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
An' lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.
As in the bosom o' the stream
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en;

So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

An' now she works her mammie's wark,
An' aye she sighs wi' care an' pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak' her weel again.
But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
An' did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
An' whisper'd thus his tale o' love.
"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
Oh, canst thou think to fancy me;
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
An' learn to tent the farms wi' me?

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather bells,
An' tent the waving corn wi' me."
Now, what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na;
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
An' love was aye between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

TUNE—"Robin Adair."

WHILE larks with little wing
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare;
Gay the sun's golden eye,
Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
Such thy morn! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song
Glad did I share;
While yon wild flowers among,
Chance led me there.
Sweet to the opening day,
Rose-buds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk
Doves cooing were;
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare;
So kind may fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.

ADOWN WINDING NITH I DID WANDER.

TUNE—"The mucking o' Geordie's byre."

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse an' to sing.

CHORUS.

Awa' wi' your belles an' your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare:
Whae'er has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

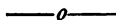
The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis!
For she is simplicity's child.

The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
How fair an' how pure is the lily,
But fairer an' purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
Its dewdrop o' diamond her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
 That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
 When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
 On music, an' pleasure, an' love.

But, beauty, how frail an' how fleeting—
 The bloom of a fine summer's day!
 While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
 Will flourish without a decay.



BY ALLAN STREAM I CHANC'D TO ROVE.

TUNE—"Allan Water."

[“I walked out yesterday evening with a volume of the *Museum* in my hand; when turning up ‘Allan Water,’ ‘What numbers shall the muse repeat,’ &c., as the words appeared to me rather unworthy of so fine an air, I sat and raved under the shade of an old thorn till I wrote one to suit the measure.”—*Burns to Thomson.*]

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove
 While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi;*
 The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
 The yellow corn was waving ready:
 I listen'd to a lover's sang,
 An' thought on youthfu' pleasures mony;
 An' aye the wild-wood echoes rang—
 Oh, dearly do I love thee, Annie †

* “A mountain, west of Strathallan, 3,009 feet high.”—*Burns.*

† “Or, ‘Oh, my love Annie's very bonnie.’”—*Burns.*

Oh, happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place, an' time I met my dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"
While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,
The simmer joys the flocks to follow;
How cheery thro' her shortening day
Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow!
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure?
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?



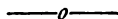
COME, LET ME TAKE THEE TO MY
BREAST.

TUNE—"Cauld kail."

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
An' pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
An' I shall spurn as vilest dust
The world's wealth an' grandeur:

An' do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone,
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share
Than sic a moment's pleasure:
An' by thy een sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever!
An' on thy lips I seal my vow,
An' break it shall I never!



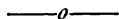
HAD I A CAVE.

TUNE—"Robin Adair."

[“You will remember an unfortunate part of our worthy friend Cunningham's story, which happened about three years ago. That struck my fancy, and I endeavoured to do the idea justice as follows.”—*Burns to G. Thomson*, August, 1793.]

HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar;
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more!

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare
All thy fond plighted vows fleeting as air?
 To thy new lover hie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury;
 Then in thy bosom try
 What peace is there !



BEHOLD THE HOUR.

TUNE—"Oran-Gaoil."

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive :
 Thou goest, thou darling of my heart !
Sever'd from thee, can I survive ?
 But fate has will'd, an' we must part.
I'll often greet this surging swell,
 Yon distant isle will often hail :
"E'en here I took the last farewell ;
 There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
 While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye :
Happy thou Indian grove, I'll say,
 Where now my Nancy's path may be !
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
 Oh, tell me, does she muse on me ?

FAIR JENNY.

TUNE—"Saw ye my father?"

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring
At evening, the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
An' marking sweet flow'rets so fair:
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
An' grim surly winter is near?
No, no! the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known
All that has caus'd this wreck in my bosom
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come, then, enamour'd an' fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

TUNE—"O'er the hills," &c.

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away.

CHORUS.

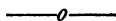
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are aye for him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in the scorching sun
My sailor's thundering at his gun:
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power;

As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray
For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet:
Then may heaven with prosperous gales
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.



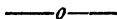
WAE IS MY HEART.

TUNE—"Wae is my heart."

WAE is my heart, an' the tear's in my e'e;
Lang, lang joy's been a stranger to me:
Forsaken an' friendless, my burden I bear,
An' the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures, an' deep ha'e I lov'd;
Love, thou hast sorrows, an' sair ha'e I prov'd;
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel its throbbings will soon be at rest.

Oh, if I were happy, where happy I ha'e been,
Down by yon stream, an' yon bonnie castle-green ;
For there he is wand'ring, an' musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae Phillis's e'e.



DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

TUNE—"The collier's dochter."

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
The fickle fair can give thee
Is but a fairy treasure—
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion,
They are but types of woman.

Oh ! art thou not ashamed
To doat upon a feature ?
If man thou wouldst be named,
Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow ;
Good claret set before thee ;
Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory.

CA' THE EWES.

TUNE—"Ca' the ewes to the knowes."

CHORUS.

CA' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

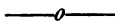
We 'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Whare at moonshine, midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou 'rt to love and heaven sae dear
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,
Ye shall be my dearie.



THINE AM I, MY FAITHFUL FAIR.

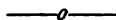
TUNE—"Liggeram Cosh" ["The quaker's wife"].

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb an' languish:
Tho' despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure:
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?
· Night without a morning:
Love's the cloudless summer sun
Nature gay adorning.



SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

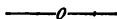
TUNE—"Onagh's waterfall."

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
Her smiling, sae wiling,
Wad mak' a wretch forget his woe:
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto those rosy lips to grow!
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw,
An' aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a',

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ankle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad make a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form an' graceful air;

Ilk feature—auld Nature
Declar'd that she could do nae mair.
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
An' aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gi'e me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon
Fair beaming, and streaming
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
An' hear my vows o' truth an' love,
An' say thou lo'es me best of a'.



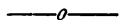
SAW YE MY PHELY?

TUNE—"When she cam' ben she bobbit."

OH, saw ye my dear, my Phely?
Oh, saw ye my dear, my Phely?
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
She winna come hame to her Willie.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
An' for ever disowns thee, her Willy.

Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.



LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

TUNE—"Duncan Gray."

[“These English songs gravel me to death. I have not that command of the language that I have of my native tongue. I have been at ‘Duncan Gray’ to dress it in English, but all I can do is deplorably stupid. For instance.”—*Burns to Thomson.*]

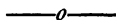
LET not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove:

Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies, would it not be strange
Man should then a monster prove?

My Chloris, mark how Green the Groves. 191

Mark the winds and mark the skies;
Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow:
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.

Why then ask of silly man
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know.



MY CHLORIS, MARK HOW GREEN THE
GROVES.

TUNE—"My lodging is on the cold ground."

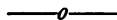
["On my visit, the other day, to my fair Chloris (Jean Lorimer), she suggested an idea, which I, on my return from the visit, wrought into the following song."—*Burns to Thomson.*]

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.
The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha':

The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe in the birken shaw.
The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd in the flowery glen
In shepherd's phrase will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true?
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtier's gems may witness love,
But 'tis na love like mine.



IT WAS THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.

TUNE—"Dainty Davie."

[Altered from an old English song.]

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe,

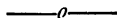
Now Spring has clad the Groves in Green. 193

From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see
Perch'd all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody,
They hail the charming Chloe;
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.



NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE
IN GREEN.

TUNE—"The hopeless lover."

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers:
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers;

When ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
Oh, why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe !

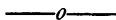
The trout within yon wimplin' burn
Glides swift—a silver dart;
An' safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art.
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
An' blighted a' my bloom,
An' now beneath the with'ring blast
My youth an' joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
An' climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye.
As little reck'd I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare

O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

Oh, had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man an' nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known !
The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair,"
What tongue his woes can tell !
Within whase bosom, save despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell.



PHILLY AND WILLY.

TUNE — "The sow's tail."

HE.

O PHILLY, happy be that day
When, roving through the gather'd hay,
My youthfu' heart was stown away,
An' by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O Willy, aye I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
Whilst thou didst pledge the powers above
To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
An' charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes an' fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun an' bluer sky
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flow'ry spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring
As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weet,
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
An' fools may tine an' knaves may win;
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
An' that's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie?
I care nae wealth a single flie;
The lad I love's the lad for me,
An' that's my ain dear Willy.

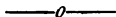
—o'—

CHLORIS.

TUNE—"The Caledonian Hunt's delight."

WHY, why tell thy lover
Bliss he never must enjoy?
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie?

Oh, why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers,
Chloris, Chloris all the theme,
Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
Wake thy lover from his dream?



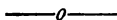
FAREWELL, THOU STREAM THAT
WINDING FLOWS.

TUNE—"Nancy's to the greenwood gane."

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows,
Around Eliza's dwelling!
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling:
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish,
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover:
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But, oh! Eliza, hear one prayer,
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me.
Th' unwary sailor, thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.



HERE IS THE GLEN.

TUNE—"The banks of Cree."

[“I got an air pretty enough, composed by Lady Elizabeth Heron, of Heron, which she calls ‘The banks of Cree.’ Cree is a beautiful romantic stream; and, as her ladyship is a particular friend of mine, I have written the following song to it.”—*Burns to Thomson.*]

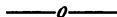
HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village bell has toll'd the hour,
Oh, what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy breathing gale,
Mix'd with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!—
So calls the woodlark in the grove,

His little faithful mate to cheer;
At once 'tis music and 'tis love.

And art thou come?—and art thou true?
Oh, welcome, dear to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew
Along the flow'ry banks of Cree.



THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

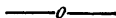
TUNE—"Neil Gow's lament."

[“The air is claimed by Neil Gow, who calls it a Lament for his brother. The first half-stanza of the song is old, the rest is mine.”—*Burns.*]

THERE's a youth in this city, it were a great pity
That he frae our lasses should wander awa';
For he's bonnie an' braw, weel favour'd an' a',
And his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.
His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue;
His fecket is white as the new driven snaw;
His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin';
Weel-featured, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted, and
braw;

But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,
The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'.
There's Meg wi' the mailen, that fain wad a-haen
him;
And Susie, whose daddie was laird o' the ha';
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his
fancy,—
But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest of a'.



FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT
NEAR.

TUNE—"Oh, let me in this ae night."

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here:
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I must repine, love.

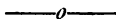
CHORUS.

Oh, wert thou, love, but near me;
But near, near, near me:
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, love.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
Oh, let me think we yet shall meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.



OH, BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

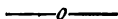
TUNE—"The wee, wee man."

OH, bonnie was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
An' bonnie she, an', ah, how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rose-buds in the morning dew,
How pure amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude an' prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet an' fair;
But love is far a sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild an' wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
An' I the world nor wish nor scorn,
Its joys an' griefs alike resign.



JESSY.

TUNE—"Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear."

CHORUS.

HERE's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
An' soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Altho' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied:
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms—Jessy!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!

THE TITHER MORN.

To a Highland air.

THE tither morn, when I forlorn
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow I'd see my jo
Beside me gin the gloaming.
But he, sae trig, lap o'er the rig,
An' dawtingly did cheer me,
When I, what reck, did least expect
To see my lad so near me.

His bonnet he, a thought ajee,
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;
An' I, I wat, wi' fainness grat,
While in his grips he press'd me.
De'il tak' the war! I late an' air
Ha'e wish'd since Jock departed;
But now as glad I'm wi' my lad
As short syne broken hearted.

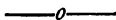
Fu' aft at e'en, wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blithe an' merry,
I car'd na by, sae sad was I,
In absence o' my dearie.
But, praise be blest, my mind's at rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny:
At kirk an' fair, I'se aye be there,
An' be as canty's ony.

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

TUNE—"Charlie Gordon's welcome hame."

OUT over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gi'e ease to my breast,
The far-foreign land or the wild-rolling sea.

But I look to the west when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best—
The lad that is dear to my baby an' me.



FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

TUNE—"Rothiemurche's rant."

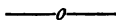
[The Poet's last song.]

CHORUS.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou were wont to do?

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear,
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear?
Oh, did not love exclaim "Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so!"

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, oh, let me share !
And, by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.



SLEEP'ST THOU, OR WAK'ST THOU?

TUNE—"De'il tak' the wars."

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature ?
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud, which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy :
Now thro' the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,
Wild Nature's tenants, freely, gladly stray :
The lintwhite in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower,
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus, gilding the brow o' morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature gladd'ning and adorning ;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When absent from my fair,
The murky shades o' care

With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky;
But when in beauty's light
She meets my ravish'd sight,
When thro' my very heart
Her beaming glories dart,
'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.



R. Smirke

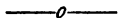
James Mitchell.

STAY, MY CHARMER.

TUNE—"An gille dubh ciar-dhubh."

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me!
Well you know how much you grieve me;
Cruel charmer, can you go?
Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love, so ill requited,
By the faith you fondly plighted,
By the pangs of lovers slighted,
Do not, do not leave me so!
Do not, do not leave me so!

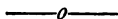


JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

TUNE—"Bonnie lassie, tak' a man."

JOCKEY's ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane;
An' wi' him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.
Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleet and beating rain!
Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blithe his waukening be!
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.



GANE IS THE DAY.

TUNE—"Gudewife, count the lawin."

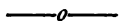
["The chorus of this song is old."—*Burns.*]

GANE is the day, an' mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for fau't o' light,
For ale an' brandy's stars an' moon,
An' bluid-red wine's the rising sun.

Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin;
Then, gudewife, count the lawin,
An' bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth an' ease for gentlemen,
An' simple folk maun fight an' fen;
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care an' dool;
An' pleasure is a wanton trout,
An ye drink but deep ye 'll find him out.



AS I WAS A-WANDERING.

TUNE—"Rinn meudial mo mhealladh."

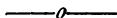
[This is an old Highland air, and the title means "My love did deceive me." There is much feeling expressed in this song.]

As I was a-wand'ring ae midsimmer e'enin',
The pipers an' youngsters were making their
game;
Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover,
Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour again.

Weel, since he has left me, my pleasure gae wi'
him;
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;
I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

I couldna get sleeping till dawin' for greetin',
The tears trickled down like the hail an' the rain:
Had I na got greetin', my heart wad a broken,
For, oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow
Than ever ha'e acted sae faithless to him.



THE CURE FOR ALL CARE.

TUNE—"Prepare, my dear brethren, to the tavern let's fly."

No churchman am I, for to rail and to write,
No statesman or soldier, to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare—
For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy,—I give him his bow:
I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low:
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse:
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;
But see you The Crown, how it waves in the air!
There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

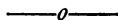
The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make,—
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
But the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

“Life’s cares they are comforts”*—a maxim laid
down
By the bard, what d’ye call him, that wore the black
gown;
An’, faith, I agree with th’ old prig to a hair;
For a big-bellied bottle’s a heav’n of care.

ADDED IN A MASON’S LODGE.

Then fill up a bumper, an’ make it o’erflow,
An’ honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother of the compass an’ square
Have a big-bellied bottle when harass’d with care!



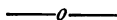
AMANG THE TREES.

TUNE—“The King of France, he rade a race.”

AMANG the trees where humming bees
At buds an’ flowers were hinging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
An’ to her pipe was singing, O;

'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O;
When there cam' a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O.

Their capon craws had queer ha, ha's!
They made our lugs grow eerie, O;
The hungry bike did scrape an' pike
Till we were wae an' weary, O.
But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd,
A prisoner aughteen year awa',
He fir'd a fiddler in the north,
That dang them tapsalteerie, O.



IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

TUNE—"The maid's complaint."

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face
Nor shape that I admire,
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awake desire.
Something, in ilka part o' thee,
To praise, to love, I find;
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I ha'e,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak' thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee;
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.



BONNIE PEGGY ALISON.

TUNE—"Braes o' Balquhider."

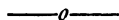
· CHORUS.

I'LL kiss thee yet, yet,
And I'll kiss thee owre again:
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Alison!

Ilk care an' fear, when thou art near,
I ever mair defy them, O;
Young kings upon their hansel throne
Are no sae blest as I am, O!

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O;
I seek nae mair o' heaven to share
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!

An' by thy een sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O!—
An' on thy lips I seal my vow,
An' break it shall I never, O!



SAE FAR AWA'.

TUNE—"Dalkeith Maiden Bridge."

OH, sad and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa';
Unknowing what my way may thwart,
My native land sae far awa'.
Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That form'd this fair sae far awa';
Gi'e body strength, then I'll ne'er start
At this my way sae far awa'.

How true is love to pure desert,
So love to her, sae far awa':
An' nocht can heal my bosom's smart
While, oh! she is sae far awa'.
Nane other love, nane other dart,
I feel but hers, sae far awa';
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than hers, the fair sae far awa'.

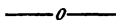
MY JEAN.

TUNE—"The Northern Lass."

[This beautiful fragment is an early composition.]

THOUGH cruel fate should bid us part,
As far's the Pole and Line,
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.

Though mountains frown and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.



TIBBIE DUNBAR.

TUNE—"Johnny M'Gill."

OH, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Oh, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

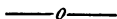
I carena thy daddie, his lands and his money,
I carena thy kin, sae high and sae lordly;
But say thou wilt ha'e me, for better for waur,
An' come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar!

FRAGMENT.

TUNE—"John Anderson, my jo."

ONE night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down to ponder,
Upon an auld tree-root.

Auld Ayr ran by before me,
An' bickered to the seas,
A cushat crooded o'er me,
That echoed through the trees.



MAUCHLINE BELLES.

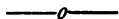
TUNE—"Mauchline belles."

OH, leave novels, ye Mauchline belles,
Ye're safer at your spinning wheel;
Such witching books are baited hooks
For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel.

Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
They make your youthful fancies reel;
They heat your veins, and fire your brains,
An' then ye're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
A heart that warmly seems to feel;
That feeling heart but acts a part,
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

The frank address, the soft caress,
Are worse than poison'd darts o' steel
The frank address an' politesse
Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.



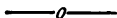
THE MIRK NIGHT O' DECEMBER.

TUNE—"May, thy morn."

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
As the mirk night o' December,
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
An' secret was the chamber;
An' dear was she I darena name,
But I will aye remember:
An' dear was she I darena name,
But I will aye remember.

An' here's to them that, like oursel',
Can push about the jorum;
An' here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's gude watch o'er them!

An' here's to them we darena name,
The dearest o' the quorum :
An' here's to them we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.



OH, SAW YE MY DEARIE?

TUNE—"Eppie Macnab."

[Altered from the old song of "Eppie Macnab," which had more wit than decency.]

Oh, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
Oh, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
She's down in the yard, she's kissin' the laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
Oh, come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab !
Oh, come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab !
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
An' for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab !
Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab !
As light as the air, as fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

TUNE—"Miss Admiral Gordon's strathspey."

[*"This song I composed out of compliment to Mrs. Burns.—N.B. It was in the honeymoon."*—*Burns.*]

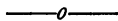
OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow, an' rivers row,
An' mony a hill between;
But day an' night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flow'rs,
I see her sweet an' fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flow'r that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Oh, blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft
Among the leafy trees,
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill an' dale
Bring hame the laden bees;
An' bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat an' clean;

Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs an' vows amang the knowes
Ha'e passed atween us twa!
How fond to meet, how wae to part,
That night she gaed awa'!
The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean!



CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

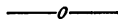
TUNE—"Craigieburn Wood."

["Composed on a passion which a Mr. Gillespie, a particular friend of mine, had for a Miss Lorimer, afterwards Mrs. Whelpdale. The young lady was born at Craigieburn Wood" (near Moffat).—*Burns.*]

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
An' blithe awakes the morrow;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.
I see the flowers an' spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
An' care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet darena for your anger;

But secret love will break my heart
If I conceal it langer.
If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.



LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

TUNE—"Ye're welcome, Charlie Stuart."

OH, lovely Polly Stewart !
Oh, charming Polly Stewart !
There's not a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.
The flower it blows, it fades and fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it ;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will give to Polly Stewart.

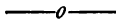
May he whase arms shall fauld thy charms
Possess a leal and true heart ;
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart !
Oh, lovely Polly Stewart !
Oh, charming Polly Stewart !
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half so sweet as thou art.

THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.

[An unfinished sketch.]

THERE was a bonnie lass, and a bonnie, bonnie lass,
And she lo'ed her bonnie laddie dear,
Till war's loud alarms stole her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' monie a sigh an' tear.

Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear;
And nought could him quail, or his bosom assail,
But the bonnie lass he lo'ed sae dear.



AULD LANGSYNE.

TUNE—"Sir Alexander Don's strathspey."

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
An' never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
An' days o' auld langsyne?

CHORUS.

For auld langsyne, my dear,
For auld langsyne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld langsyne.

We twa ha'e ran about the braes,
An' pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld langsyne.

We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd
Sin' auld langsyne.

An' here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
An' gi'e's a hand o' thine;
An' we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught
For auld langsyne.

An' surely you'll be your pint-stoup,
An' surely I'll be mine;
An' we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld langsyne.



